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THE LAST OF THE GREAT TRIO.

"WILL MY MEMORY BE AS GREEN AS THEIRS WHEN I AM GONE?"



PUCK,

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Runner.

Wednesday, May 6th, 1891. — No. 739.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE FLAT, as an institution and a fixed fact is hardly twenty years old in New York. There were "floors" and "suites" of rooms at all times; but the Flat, built as a Flat, for the use of Flat-Dwellers, was a strange thing in this great city a score of years ago. There were only two or three specimens, even then, that could fairly claim the name, and they were objects of general interest and curiosity. That vast class which calls itself the People of Moderate Means was a house-dwelling class in those days. The Person of Moderate Means lived in a "small, commodious house, centrally located, in a desirable neighborhood." He paid from \$1,200 to \$1,800 a year for it. It was a three-story house, and it had a high stoop. He knew, of course, that the city was becoming a crowded town in a literal sense, and that rents were going up. But he had no ghost of an idea of becoming a Flat-Dweller.

True, his wife went to see the new Flats; but more for diversion than from any real notion of the impending danger. She wondered vaguely, perhaps, if she or her posterity would ever have to adopt that mode of life. But it seemed a preposterous idea — so preposterous that she could afford to approve of the Flat, in a patronizing way; just as she sometimes thought it would be nice to live like the artists in the Studio Building — there was a studio-building in New York in those days — in one great big room and a little bed-room, going out for one's meals. And as, naturally, she had to be polite to the half-hardy, half-shamefaced pioneers who actually were living in the Flat, she tried to find out agreeable points about their new mode of life. And the most agreeable that she could think of, as a rule, was The Janitor! "So convenient!" she said: "it makes you quite independent of servants, does n't it?"

Poor creature! if she is not, to-day, exiled to Westchester or Staten Island or New Jersey, or lost in Harlem's soulless waste, she is living in a



WORKED DOWN.

JACK UPHAM-UPHAM (who has invited young STUFFER of Chicago, to dinner).—Waiter, did n't you give this gentleman a napkin? Stuffer, why did n't you speak for a cloth?

STUFFER (between mouthfuls).—I've got one—um—um—but it's gone down—um—um—my neck.

Flat, that wife of the Person of Moderate Means. She has learned long ago that she is even less independent of servants than she was in her modest three-story house—in spite of the stairs. But she has not learned yet, and she is learning, with each succeeding year, the extent of the vileness of the Janitor. Of all the terrors of Flat-Life, he is the crowning, the incomparable, the arch-terror.

This is such a pessimistic city, so determined to deal in superlatives of self-condemnation, and to denounce itself as the worst-governed, the worst-paved, the worst-guarded, the worst-lit and the worst-everythinged city on the face of the globe, that we do not like to join in the hue and cry and call it the Worst-Janitored. And it probably is not, for Paris has cursed the unspeakable *concierge* this hundred years or more. But assuredly it is a town where life is made hard to many worthy citizens by reason of the rapacity, dishonesty and general worthlessness of a set of men who, as the guardians and servitors of little groups of homes, ought to have some sense of the trust reposed in them—and have none.

This is condemnation of a large number of men, taken as a class. But it is a condemnation easily justified. The Janitor has become a nuisance because the system on which he works is both dishonest, mean and mischievous. Even a comparatively decent Janitor, if he walks according to the law which the Janitors have laid down for themselves, is little better than a mild sort of freebooter and blackmailer. He began modestly enough twenty years ago. He was a faithful slave, who carried up coal and pumped water and cleaned windows and made himself generally useful. But he had not been long at his new business when he saw that he could much more profitably hire boys and scrub-women to do his work, and devote his energies to making the most of the splendid financial possibilities of his situation. The Janitor had learned his power.

Are you beginning Flat Life? Let us tell you something of the experience that lies before you. Fondly dreaming that you are a free man, you go forth among the tradesmen of your neighborhood, and you say here, "Bring me meat!" and there, "Bring me vegetables!" and to another, "Serve me with my morning-paper!" And you order coal of this man, and milk of that, and So-and-So has your order for kindling-wood, and Thingumbob is told to send you ice-cream of a Sunday. And, behold, strange things have happened to the meat when it comes; the vegetables are marvelously and mysteriously wilted; the coal is slate; the morning-paper arrives but three days out of seven, and then after you have started for your office; the milk is half water, and if you order it in a sealed jar it comes not at all; the kindling-wood is wet and the ice-cream is melted and tastes of kerosene.

You go to the Janitor and tell him these things. He replies to you — and the only difference in Janitors is that one will make this reply in a surly way, and one will make it in an insinuating and offensively obsequious way, according to the individual nature of the beast — "The fault is yours, O Boss! You have chosen for your tradesmen Brown, Jones, Smith, Robinson, Wilkinson, Wiggins and Jinks. These men are notorious swindlers, and thus do they always treat our tenants. Now, if you will go to the honest, worthy dealers whose names I will give you, there will be no trouble. But so long as you abide with these robbers, misery shall be your portion." There it is. You can fight and be uncomfortable, or yield and let the crowd of tradesmen whom the Janitor loots loot you. For you must remember that when you deal with his chosen, you are dealing with men who are practically monopolists, so far as the Flat-Building you live in is concerned.

But the power of the Janitor ends not here. Life might be tolerable if he would be content to take commission at one end only. One year of Flat-Life will prove to you that it takes more coal to maintain two or three open fires in what is called a steam-heated Flat than it does to warm a three-story house with a furnace and with grates in every room. You will learn also that six quarts of Flat milk go to a gallon. You will find that it takes a sharp eye to distinguish between a Flat peck and a Flat bushel. You will discover that newspapers always come ruffled and torn from the press. And, most important thing of all, your wife will have to accept the awful truth that a servant who "can't get along with the Janitor" is the kind of servant that you can't afford to employ — unless you yearn to live in an atmosphere of vociferous and resonant strife.

Is there a remedy? Perhaps. Perhaps some of the restless good souls who are forever getting up societies and associations and unions and leagues for the improvement or amelioration or suppression or prevention of this, that and the other thing will some day get up a trust or a concern or something for the Regeneration of the Flat-Janitor. But the answer which People of Moderate Means, who can not afford to pay house-rent in New York, generally find to this familiar question, is more practical and is capable of immediate application. They go to Jersey.



THE PUNISHMENT OF ARCHIBALD.

SCENE.—A pretty boudoir. Time, 8:30 P. M. Present, GLADYS and NONIE.

GLADYS (*listening intently*).—Was that the door-bell, Nonie?

NONIE (*with indifference*).—Don't know, really.

GLADYS.—Please do stop drumming with your pencil for a moment.

NONIE.—What in the world makes you so fidgety? Are you expecting Archibald—

GLADYS.—Be kind enough, Nonie, not to mention that name. The very sound of it is hateful to me!

NONIE.—Well, of all things! Have you two quarreled again?

GLADYS (*laughing airily*).—Oh, dear, no! Why should we quarrel?

NONIE (*thoughtfully*).—That's what I never could find out.

GLADYS.—But Archibald has shown himself—very, very different—from what I had supposed him to be.

NONIE (*aside*).—He always does.

GLADYS.—However, it is of no importance. No doubt he has his good points—every one has—but his faults. Well, never mind. The less said on the subject of Archibald, the better.

NONIE.—I have n't said anything.

GLADYS.—No—and you need n't. All is over between me and Archibald, forever. I am disgusted with him; sorry we ever met, and more than glad that we have parted; more than glad! If Archibald had been—but it's all right. Yes; from this time, Nonie, I have done with Archibald!

NONIE.—And you don't even like the sound of his name!

GLADYS.—I like nothing pertaining to him. And if he should call; if he *should* call, I simply would n't see him!

NONIE (*quietly*).—May be you would n't!

GLADYS (*reproachfully*).—Nonie, you are very unkind.

Enter MAID.

MAID (*smilingly*).—It's Mr. Steddicump, Miss Gladys.

GLADYS (*gasping*).—Oh, Dora!

NONIE.—All right, Dora; thanks. Tell him um—ah—er—directly. (*Exit MAID.*)

GLADYS (*clutching at her heart*).—Oh, Nonie! What, what shall I do?

NONIE (*with sympathy*).—Don't worry, Glad; I'll just go down and tell him you're engaged—

GLADYS.—Don't you think I'd better—see him—a minute?

NONIE (*firmly*).—No; I don't.

GLADYS.—I wish him to *know* how very much displeased I am.

NONIE (*cheerfully*).—Oh, I can tell him *that*!

GLADYS.—But I'd rather—rather—tell him—myself.

NONIE (*pointedly*).—Oh, you would?

GLADYS.—Because you might not be severe enough. (*With gathering energy.*) He needs to be put in his place—and—I know I can do it. I'll just go down for five or ten minutes.

NONIE.—And then I'd better come in, had n't I? He might stay, and bother you. It's awful, when you don't like a person.

GLADYS (*faintly*).—Ye-es—

NONIE.—Very well; in five or ten minutes—

GLADYS.—Yes; in ten or twenty minutes; or—ah—Nonie, when I want you I'll go to the piano and play something.

NONIE.—Oh, I'm to wait for *that*, am I?

GLADYS (*at the mirror*).—But I look dreadful! I'm so pale.

NONIE.—Well—rub it off a little.

GLADYS.—How unkind!

Three hours elapse. Re-enter GLADYS, smiling, radiant.

GLADYS.—Why, you child, I thought you'd be asleep by this time!

NONIE (*calmly*).—I've been waiting to hear the piano.

GLADYS.—The piano?

NONIE.—Yes; so I could appear on the scene, you know.

GLADYS.—The scene? (*wonderingly.*) Oh! (*understandingly.*) Oh! Well, dear, we've had a long, long talk—

NONIE.—Just three hours long, exactly. I hope you put him in his place! You've had time enough. I don't dislike and despise Archibald half as much as you do; but I'm sure it would n't take *me* three hours to—

GLADYS.—Oh, Nonie, darling! Kiss me this minute! I *have* put him in his place—we're engaged.

Madeline S. Bridges.

INTERESTING.

"What did you think of the sermon this morning?"

"I was very much interested. I never supposed that so simple a text was so hard to elucidate."

THE LOBSTER is not noted for its bashfulness; but it turns red on getting into "hot water."

THE "BOUNCING BOY" is probably so called because he can rouse you out of sleep about as quickly as a park policeman.

A FATAL ERROR.

"I'm discouraged. I thought I could carve my way to the front in humor, but somehow I don't succeed."

"The trouble with you is your tools. You use too many old saws."

THE DAILY PAPER is not happy, though its "Wants" are few.

IT IS AN odd thing that the temperate zone contains the hardest drinkers on the face of this earth.

HYPNOTIC TALES.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

IX.

THE CHAPERON'S TALE.*

"I DO NOT really know," said the Chaperon, in a low, sweet, high-bred voice, "how long it is since I took upon myself the duties of a chaperon; but it seems to me now, as I look back, that I have always been a chaperon. Even when I was a young girl entering society, I displayed those qualities which late in life have been conspicuous in aiding me to gain a livelihood. Professionally, I have been a chaperon for twenty years; but for two decades before that, I was a chaperon in an amateur way, partly because I had several nieces under my care, and partly because I enjoyed the duties and responsibilities incident to the position.

"Unlooked-for circumstances, rather than choice, led me to adopt that means of making a competence in a dignified, and, in some respects, a pleasant way."

"But do you mean to tell me," exclaimed the Representative Business Man, "that a lady can make a living among the gilt-edged nobles just by sitting round at parties and knitting or one thing and another. What do they pay you for?"

"I receive a fee," the Chaperon replied, "for my services in keeping a watchful eye on the

young ladies entrusted to my care, selecting suitable partners for them, and seeing that they receive proper attention from the most eligible young men. Moreover, I am enabled, through my well-defined position in New York society, to introduce young girls into a great many of the very best houses in town, and to secure for them invitations which they could never obtain otherwise. This gentleman will, I am sure, testify to the fact that he has seen me in some of the most exclusive houses in New York."

She turned her face toward the Detective as she said this; and the latter, to the intense surprise of the company, nodded his head in emphatic confirmation of her words, and said: "Cert! I've seen the lady with all the bong-tongs, and I can tell you she's way up in G. I must say, though, if it had n't 'a' been for her giving it away just now, I never would have dropped to her racket in the world. I always thought she was just doing the genteel, same as any other party. Why, bless you, we none of us ever thought of watching her!"

"But how does it happen that you train with that high-toned, gilt-edged crowd?" cried the Representative Business Man, voicing the thought that was uppermost in every mind.

"How do I get around?" exclaimed the hawkshaw. "Well, I'd like to know where you can go in the city without seeing two or three of us men from the Central Office. There ain't a real high-toned lay-out given without we're sent to keep an eye on the silver and diamonds."

"Indeed?" observed the Boston Girl, with a rising inflection of voice and nose; "in our best society those precautions are not considered necessary."

"Well, there's something to steal in New York," observed the Detective, pointedly.

"But I am proud to say," continued the Chaperon, "that of late years there has not been the same need of your services that there was formerly."

"You're correct, Ma'am," exclaimed the official; "ever since the nobles

got onto them slippery Eytalian counts and dukes and ornery-lookin' English swells, there's been less work for us and fewer things missed. I can remember when those ducks never went to a party or a reception without it was to win an overcoat or a couple of spoons."

"But to proceed with my story," said the Chaperon, in her quiet, effective way; "about two years ago a gentleman asked me to take charge of his daughter, who was coming to New York to make her debut in society. Her whole life had been spent in the little New England village in which she was born; and, at the time I took her in hand, she was as prim and as devoid of individuality as the little old square box of a meeting-house in her native place. She was pretty, too, in a shy sort of way, and carried herself well—much better than most girls in society—for she had good blood in her veins, and it asserted itself once in a while in a way that made her look positively beautiful.

"I saw great possibilities in her from the very first, and as I knew that her father was rich, as well as ambitious, I determined to carry into effect an idea which for some time I had secretly cherished. I resolved to speculate in her. In other words, I agreed with her father, who was a shrewd New Englander, to make my professional fees contingent on my success; or, rather, to speak more exactly, the success of his daughter."

"And what do you mean by the success of a girl in New York society?" asked the Boston Girl, who had been a breathless listener up to this moment.

"What could I mean but the one thing for which all girls are striving, no matter whether they live in New York or not?" rejoined the Chaperon with a significant glance at her questioner; "by success, I mean an advantageous marriage. What other form of success is there for a young girl, I should like to know?"

She paused a moment to allow the rest of the guests to enjoy the Boston Girl's discomfiture, and then went on:

"I made her father a proposition which he accepted at once. I offered to take entire charge of his daughter's bringing out, introduce her into houses to which I had access, chaperon her at balls and parties, see that her name received due prominence in the society columns of the newspapers, surround her with eligible men only, and—have her engaged to a bona fide millionaire by the end of her first season. Then—and not until then—I was

to receive my reward, a certified check for five thousand dollars."

A murmur of surprise went round the circle.

"Why did n't I get up some racket like that long ago? Heaven knows I've tried pretty near everything else," sighed the Representative Business Man.

"Oh! that's a regular scheme among the bong-tongs," remarked the Detective, with the knowing air of one who is thoroughly familiar with the ins and outs of society.

"Early in October, long before society had thought of returning to town," continued the Chaperon, "Miss Prudence came to me for a little preliminary training before the season should begin. Many a foolish virgin has been found with her lamp untrimmed when the bridegroom came, and I was determined that this one should not be caught napping if I were to have my say about it.



"She was really a lovely girl, and so simple-minded and innocent that I don't think it ever dawned on her that her father had entrusted her to my care for any particular purpose. I realized, before she had been in my house a week, that, if she ever learned of the agreement her father had signed with me, she would make it very unpleasant for us. Sometimes I actually felt ashamed to look her in the face when she turned her great truthful, deep, innocent eyes on me, and asked me to explain something that most girls understand as well as their mothers, nowadays.

"The first step in the higher development of my young lady was taken in the direction of the dressmaker's, and such an improvement, or rather such a transformation as Monsieur Phillippe effected, I would never have believed possible. I took her to a small afternoon tea in her new clothes, and, without exaggeration, she attracted more attention than any girl in the room. Very shy she was, with her eyes cast down and her cheeks the most exquisite pink imaginable, for the little Puritan knew that she was pretty, and I suppose her conscience was tweaking her for being glad of it. I remember saying to myself that afternoon, as I watched her sitting with a cup of tea in her hand, and two of the half-dozen men in the room trying to talk to her: 'A few weeks more, young lady, and you will be able to hold your head up while you talk, if for nothing more than to look about the room, and see how the other women are regarding you. And you'll not think it such a sin for a girl to look as well as she can, either; and by another season you'll have the same ideas in regard to matrimony that most girls have who are properly brought up.'



"It was, perhaps, a month after this that I took her to her first great ball, and in the meantime I had taken pains to have half a dozen of the most eligible young men in town at the house to dinner, or an afternoon call, or to go with us to the opera, so that she should be sure of some attention, at least, at her first ball. She was beautifully dressed, and I can assure you that she created a positive sensation when she entered the ball-room. All the young men whom she knew came crowding about her, and her list of partners for that evening numbered many of the very best names in New York society.

"In short, Miss Prudence was a brilliant success; and if I had any doubts of it they were dispelled when I heard the envious remarks of certain old dowagers, whose daughters had not attracted as much notice as they could wish.

"But there was one thing that gave me more pleasure than anything else, and that was the fact that young Marigold, old Peter Marigold's eldest boy, paid her the most devoted attention, and that, moreover, she seemed pleased with him in her shy way. If I had had my pick of all New York there was not a single man I would have chosen in preference to young Marigold as a husband for my young lady. To begin with, he is a thoroughly presentable young man, who knows how to dress, and how to behave in society, and would never, under any circumstances, disgrace his family by any of those ill-bred eccentricities which so many young men indulge in nowadays. Then, you know, his position in society is absolutely assured; and, as for his prospects, mark my words, when old Peter Mari-

gold dies his estate will yield at least three millions more than anybody thinks it will. And this boy will get it all; that I know.

"That's my idea of a suitable match for a young girl. Give me a young man with a name that somebody has ever heard of before, a round million or so to his credit in good securities, and better prospects ahead, and then, say I, where are your well-connected Englishmen, or slippery French Counts and Marquises in comparison with him?



"Well, all through the season young Marigold was constant in his devotion to Prudence, and when Lent came, and we settled down to the quiet enjoyment of our sackcloth and ashes, I contrived to have him at the house on one pretext or another nearly every day.

"One afternoon, — it was near the close of the penitential season, — I was surprised to hear some one walk swiftly through the front hall, go out, and close the door with an angry bang. A moment later my young lady came streaming into my room, scarlet with indignation — and very handsome and spirited she looked, too, I can assure you — and before I could lift my voice, she burst out at me with:

"'Did you dare to make Mr. Marigold believe that I would consent to become his wife?'

"'Tut, tut,' I said; 'I'm sure he's a very desirable young man;' but she would not listen for a moment, only burst into tears, and declared that her father and I and the young man were all in a league together to compel her to marry a man she never could love — I wonder if she knew how near to the truth she came, then — and at last she ended by rushing up to her room in a passion, and vowing that she would not remain another day under my roof.

"Here was a pretty state of things. I telegraphed her father, and he came on at once, reaching the house early the next morning, but not early enough, for she had slipped out half an hour before he came, and I had to receive him alone.

"I told him that young Marigold — the best catch in New York — had offered himself to his daughter, and that I would like my check for five thousand dollars, according to our agreement.

"'And what does Prudence say?' asked the old man; and just at this moment a messenger-boy brought in a letter addressed to him. He opened it, read it, and then actually groaned: 'I ought to have known that girl too well to have tried that scheme. I thought if she went to New York she might forget all about him, but she has n't. The girl's got her mother's spirit in her. Read this.'

"He handed me the letter, and I read:

"'John and I were married just now.

PRUDENCE.'

"Then the mercenary old thing actually brightened up a little, and said: 'Any way, that lets me out on the five thousand.'

"'I'm glad of it!' cried the School-Boy, enthusiastically, for he had listened to the story with deep interest.

"Well, Sonny, suppose we have a tale from you," said the Representative Business Man, who did not wish the party to break up.

"Yes, indeed," said the Hypnotist, as he tried to catch the lad's eye.



THE REPORTER'S LIFE IS NOT A HAPPY ONE.



EASTERN NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT.—
What are the chances, Chief? Is there going to be another Indian outbreak during the —



CITIZEN.—Take off yer hat, there, when you're talkin' to the only lady in town!



ICH LIEBE.

I LOVE to gaze upon the surging ocean,
And see its undulating billows swell.
I love the dashing foam, and the commotion—
(I love a foaming glass of beer, as well.)

I love the woods when they are all a-twitter
With birds that Northward flying fill the trees.
I love the leaves that Earth in Autumn litter—
(I also love a piece of Roquefort cheese.)

Upon a landscape I adore to ponder
When all the grains are peeping slyly out.
I love beside a purling brook to wander—
(And I am very fond of sauerkraut.)

W. B. Dunham.

ONE OF THE UNFORTUNATES.

BROTHERTON.—Marriage is a failure.

BENEDICT (*in surprise*).—Why, I did n't know you had ever been married!

BROTHERTON.—I have n't—I failed.

JOURNALISTIC ENTERPRISE.

FARMER.—That was a stavin' paper you got out last week.

COUNTRY EDITOR.—I'm glad to hear that you were pleased with it.

FARMER.—Them stories you had in about them fellers bein' cured of long-standin' diseases were the entertainingest bits of news I've read for a long time.

"THE PRAYER OF THE SEEDY ONE."

Oh, for the gift to make old clothes wear
That pristine look of youth that once was there!
Just to cremate them, and with sweet surprise
Behold them like a gay young Phoenix rise
Immortal and resplendent from their ashes.
I'd then cut dead that fraud I name with dashes,

Who, once my friend, doth now in beastly pride
Walk, like the Levite, on the other side.



CONSIDERATE FORETHOUGHT.

MRS. MILLYUNS.—What disorder! My dear, don't you know Count Less is coming this afternoon?

MAUD MILLYUNS.—Well, he usually spends most of his time on his knees, so I thought I'd make things comfortable for him.



INDUCEMENTS TO TRADE.

FARMER WHETSTONE.—What do you give with a cash order?

MR. BARTER.—A receipted bill.

BOTH GLAD.

HOFFMAN HOWES.—Ah, Rocky, old fel, that you?

ROCKAWAY BEECHE.—Hell'o, Hoffy, deah boy! Gad, but I'm glad to see you!

HOFFY.—Glad to see you, old chappie; dooced glad, ha, ha!

ROCKY.—Ya-as; ha, ha, ha!

HOFFY.—Hanged if I ain't! ha, ha, ha!

ROCKY.—But I must get on, old fel.

Dooched glad I met you, though!

HOFFY.—Glad I met you, deah boy! Hanged if I ain't!

ROCKY.—By, by—so glad!

HOFFY.—Tra-la, old chappie.

ROCKY.—Ya-as.

HOFFY.—Ya-as.

ROCKY.—By, by!

HOFFY.—By, by!

Z. D.



THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.

GUILDENSTERN GOTLEFT.

—Hamlet's uncle must have proposed to Queen Gertrude several times before she accepted him.

ROSENCRANTZ RICRAC.—How do you know?

GUILDENSTERN GOTLEFT.—Because he speaks of her as "our sometime sister, now our queen."

NEWSPAPER HEAD-LINES.

"IN THE ANNEXED DISTRICT"—Morrisania.

"ABOUT WOMEN"—Men.

"WHAT BROOKLYN TALKS ABOUT"—The Bridge.

"WITH THE YACHTSMEN"—Mumm's Extra Dry.

"SOUTH AMERICAN NOTES"—Mostly Protested.

"BOOKS RECEIVED"—The Butcher's and Grocer's.

"NEW YORK'S MYSTERIES"—Shepard and McAllister.

"WHAT IS GOING ON IN PHILADELPHIA"—Nothing.

"WHAT WE ARE ALL TALKING ABOUT"—Ourselves.

"OUT AMONG THE POLITICIANS"—Evarts and Ingalls.

"A FINE DISPLAY OF MILLINERY"—St. Thomas's Congregation.

SOME MEN are like hotel towels; they have only to absorb a small amount of moisture to be made useless.

AN EXHORTATION.



THE REV. SIMEON BAXTER gazed at his dusky parishioners through a milky cloud, composed of the minute particles of whitewash which his earnest discourse had shaken from the walls, and then wound up his sermon with this powerful peroration:

"My belubbed hearers, in navigatin' de trackless water ub de heablin' ocean, yer wants ter pin yo' faith to de church what kin took yo' right thro' widout change ub cars. For, doan' mistook, dar am as much difference in churches as dar is in steamship companies.

"Some ub dese no 'count churches 'mind me ub a rusty ole tramp steamer I saw down by de docks de odder day. Dey was a jammin' an' a jammin' de cargo inter her till she was a loaded 'way down, three feet below de Plimsoll mark.

An' I thought dat kind ub a conveyance wooden' do for us, my brudders; for wedder we goes to Europe or to Hebbin we wants to go by de safest an' swif'est way. She *may* git dar, I dunno 'bout dat, but it 'pears to me mighty risky.

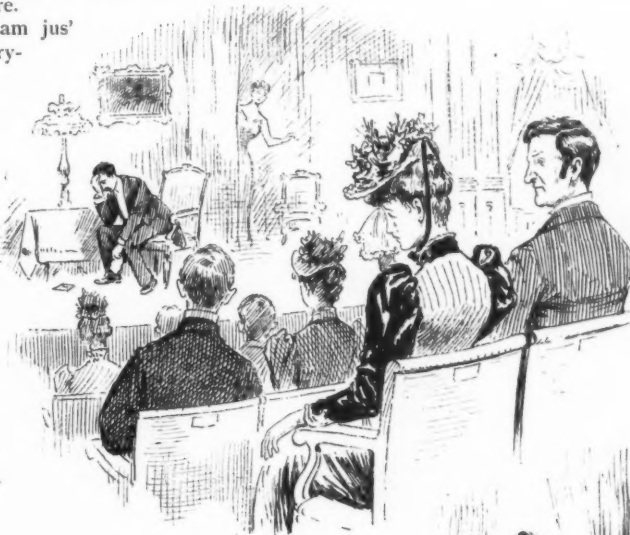
"But dat ain't de Catholic church. She's a good ole sailin' vessel, altogether too slow for dese benighted times. Take a berth on board ub her, an' yer a gwine to drift fo' twenty billion years in de bafflin' headwinds ub purgatory.

"An' de Presbyterian church am a little too narrow in de beam for de comfort ub de passengers. Berry cranky boats on dat line. Some ub de weaker bruddern gwine to be powerful seasick before dey sees de light-house on de shinin' shore.

"In de Methodist church, which am jus' now a catering to de cullerd vote, ebrybody gibs de order at once. De crew does mo' shoutin' dan de captain; an' some day dar 'll be a 'sastrous collision, suah.

"But de Episcopal church, my dear brudders! De berry word brings to de mind's eye, Horatio, de image ub a magnificent ocean greyhound. Dar you am safe! No more trubble when you cross *her* gang-plank! For, doan' mistook, de Episcopal church am de Pomard Line ub de starry sea! She is run under de sanction ub de English government, by men ub brains an' 'sperience. She has de record which none ub de odders kin equal; in all de long years ub her existence she has nebbber lost a passenger."

Harry Romaine.



ONE OF THE MYSTERIES OF HUMAN NATURE.

PAT'S BIRD MATERIALIZES.

MR. MORRISON ESSEX. — How was it, Pat, that you did not come to the station to meet me?

PAT. — Well, sor — ye see, sor, I was dhrivin' the misthress out; an' I cud n't be in two places at wan toime, sor — unless I was a — (happy thought) — a Dave Hill, sor.

A GOOD TIME COMING.

MADISON SQUEER. — It seems absurd to see you reading a comic paper!

LORD HOWLONG. — Oh, come, now! I say, old fellah, I like a good joke when I see it.

MADISON SQUEER. — I don't doubt it; but it takes you such a devil of a while to see it.



AN EXAMPLE OF SCOTCH PRIDE — The term "Scotch-Irish Race" as compared with "Irish-American."

THE BILL against tightts did n't pass the Minnesota Legislature, after all. Women out there may still pull on their stockings without thinking that they are committing a crime.



PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS.

MINSKY (puffing smoke in face of friend just returned from Havana). — Vot does dot reminds you of, Schinsky?

SCHINSKY. — Ah! dot reminds me of dot time mein store vas burndt outd. Blow me some more of dose puffs, Minsky.

SUCCESS ON A CASH BASIS.

When I was young I made a rule
I'd never ask for credit.
My office-chum would run in debt,
And never seemed to dread it.

My plan seemed good, but, somehow, I
Could never make it work.
My old chum is a banker now,
And I'm his humble clerk.

BUT SHE WON'T.

"Mama, dear," said Albert Edward,
"when you see a good example, ought
you to follow it?"

"Certainly, my son. Why?"

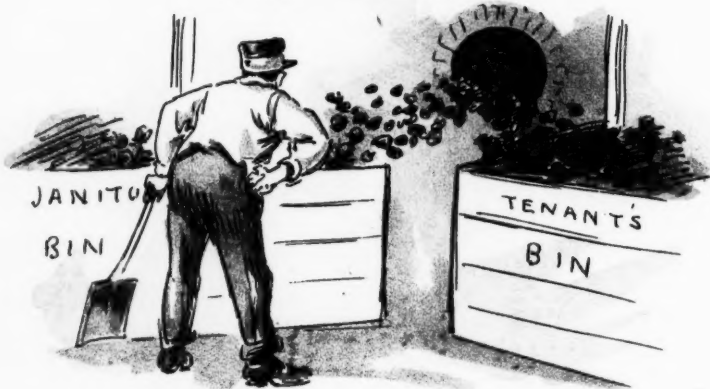
"Senator Edmunds has resigned."



— and laugh heartlessly at the genuine sufferings of her own husband?



The Despot Decides Wash-day Disputes -



- And Divides your Coal Equally between Himself and You.



(Time - 10 A. M.)

"Where are the morning papers, John?"

"The Janitor has n't finished reading them yet, my dear."



He Makes even Santa-Claus "Divvy."



C.J. Taylor

LEVYING TRIBUTE

PUCK.



"Dis is de flat I was tellin' yez of. De man that 's shavin' dere moves out on de first o' next munt'."



"Say, Johnny, I'm the owner of that flat-building. Just ask the Janitor if I may go in for a few minutes."



BUT A TIME WILL COME!
ST. PETER.--No, sir, You're a disgrace to the Janitor business; and, as Dean of the Guild, I'm going to keep you out of *this*.



The Ideal Janitor.

ING TRIBUTE.

A GREAT MODERN NUISANCE.



AFTER THE "RAPE OF THE SABINES."

FIRST ROMAN (*jocosely*).—How 's your mother-in-law, Julius?

SECOND ROMAN.—Blest if I know; niebbe she's your wife!

IN NO IMMEDIATE DANGER.

MISS DE MUIR.—Death loves a shining mark.

MISS DE MENOR.—Yes. But you come of a very long-lived family, don't you?

A WISE FORECAST.

MR. NORRIS (*with decision*).—I am going to put on my light underclothes this morning.

MRS. NORRIS (*with fine prudence*).—Then, Thomas, you'd better carry your thick ones over your arm; you'll need them before night.

HIS SALVATION.

My sweetheart perfect? No, indeed,
That's very plain to see;
For, if she was, she would n't love
Poor miserable me.



A PROTECTIVE QUESTION.

MR. R. M. SOOTS.—Well, Mum, let the boy decide which he likes best.

SMART BOY (*who has smarted under the brush*).—Which is the thickest cloth?

FORCE OF HABIT.

"I want to marry your daughter, sir," said young Mr. Smith to Mr. de Pozit, the bank cashier.

"Sorry, sir," replied Mr. de Pozit; "but you will have to be identified."

IT PUZZLED HIM.

"There is one thing I can't understand," remarked an intelligent Englishman, who had been studying the politics of this country.

"What is that?"

"That is, how a man born in the United States stands any chance of being elected President."

HE ASKS TOO MUCH.

The milk of human kindness
Is a gift supreme;
But our impecunious friend
Always wants the cream!



IN LIMBO.

MR. KEEGERS.—Stars a'mitey!

MR. BULWER.—Da's all right. He done it himself when I wuz reasonin' wiv him, an' I's keepin' him dar fer 'n example t' dat scaramouch bruvver o' his'n, ober d' fence.

FORCING THE SEASON.

MISS BUDLONG.—How I love the Spring, when all the buds and green things are coming out!

MR. ROWNE DE BOUT.—Yes; that's the difference between Nature and Society; the latter's buds and green things come out in the Winter.

EATING SPOILS THE APPETITE.

"How do you like your new boarding-house? Is the table nice?"

"Well, there is never anything put on it that would take away your appetite."

IN STOCKINGS.

MISS BROWNSTONE.—Do you ever feel blue?

MISS BACKBAY.—How absurd! We do not become cognizant of colors through the sense of touch. I have frequently seen blueness.

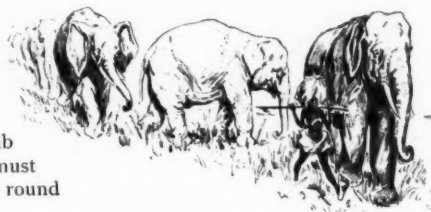
THE CHURCH-GOER touches the button—the heathen does the rest.

"THAT LECTURER is a host in himself."

"Yes. He would make a fine population for a desert island."

THE MAN who would climb the ladder of Fame, must n't linger too long on each round of applause.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY—Taking Care of Number One.



RAILROAD ITEM.
A Great Trunk Line.

OUR FIRST SOCIETY.

A MODERN COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

S

CENE.—The drawing-room of MRS. UPHAM UPHAM, filled with representatives of the "Upper Ten" of New York. VICOMTE DE ST. CLOUD discovered in conversation with his friend, MR. BLEECKER DUANE, who has vouched for him to the UPHAM UPHAMS.

VICOMTE.—I can not thank you enough, my dear Mr. Duane, for this opportunity to see the most exclusive society of this country. Although we have always been

Royalists, it is a theory of mine that society reaches its highest development in a republic. You are free from that worship of rank which prevails in England, and from the very nature of your civilization it is apparent that talent and brains must inevitably force their way to the top. Here it is somewhat as it is in my country. It is the poet, the painter, the warrior, the writer, who receive the homage which is their due.

MR. DUANE.—Eh! Yes, I've no doubt. (*With gleam of intelligence.*) There's one of our leading artists just coming in, now.

VICOMTE.—Indeed? What are his *chef d'œuvres*?

MR. DUANE.—Why, he gives teas in his studio three or four times every season, and has rugs and what-do-you-callem's hanging up everywhere. I'm not sure whether he does his own painting, or has it done for him.

VICOMTE (*mystified, but still polite*).—And do all the leading artists of the city attend his teas?

MR. DUANE.—Oh, mercy, no! Only our own set. It would n't do to have any outsiders there. Hullo! there's Ollie Winkletree. He's a great card. Friend of the Duke of Muckboro, you know. They say he's going to visit him this Summer. Ever met the Duke?

VICOMTE (*with smile*).—No; so far, that pleasure has missed me. (*Changing subject.*) But are there no military men present? I am very anxious to meet some of the officers who were in the war.

MR. DUANE.—Military men? Why, yes, there's Dolly Persimmon; he was at West Point a whole year before he got dropped. That's where he learned to dance.

VICOMTE (*glancing at Mr. Persimmon's blond bang*).—And he was at West Point a whole year? How very clever of him! But are there none of the heroes of the war here?

MR. DUANE.—No, they're not exactly in our set. Too old to dance, you know.

VICOMTE.—But your writers, your statesmen, your inventors, are they never seen in society?

MR. DUANE.—Why, yes; there's a literary man over there, now. He's a very clever sort of a chap. Writes the society column in the *Daily Wind*, and gets in everywhere.

VICOMTE (*in despair*).—Is there any one in the room who is over twenty-one years of age?

MR. DUANE.—Why, yes; there's William Bunco Donethem. He made his fortune and failed fifteen years ago. He's quite along in years. Ever hear of him before?

VICOMTE.—Yes; I believe my father, who was in this country at the time, has one or two of his autographs in his collection. (*Gathers up fragments of his shattered idols and departs.*)

VERY LONG.

"I tell you, Dauber, Art is long."

"You've found that out, eh?"

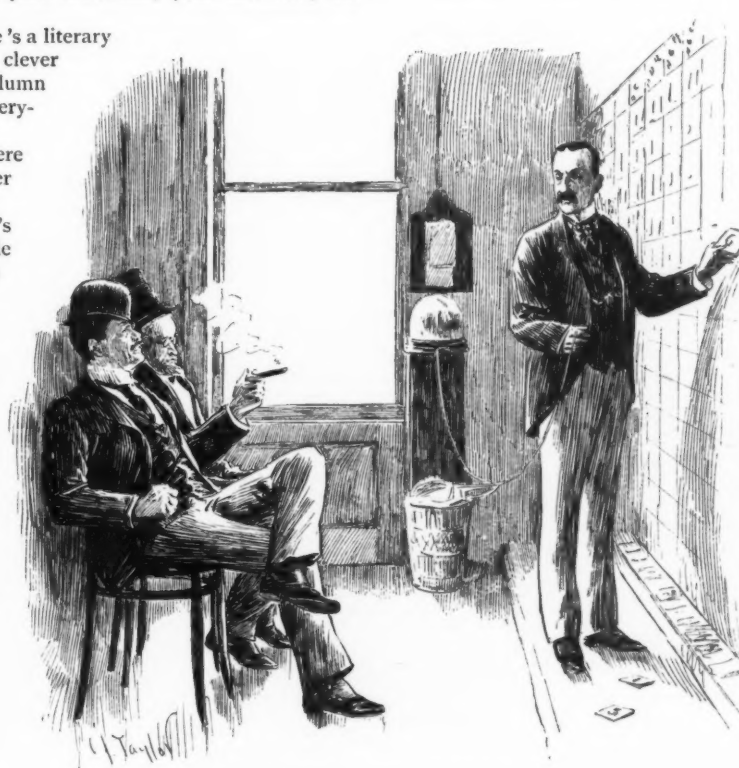
"Yes; I went to see a panorama this morning."

A CONVENTIONAL IDEA.

Where the shoe pinches—in Chicago.

"SANDY SOIL"—Scotland's.

FULL MEASURE—Ten Dollars or Ten Days.



A FIGURE OF SPEECH.

TICKER.—These ducks from the Mining Exchange are too much for me.

DICKER.—How so?

TICKER.—One of 'em was in this morning, talking about a "flurry in lead."



FIN DE SIÈCLE.

ROCKSEY.—I don't consider life worth living; do you?

RYLEY.—No; have a cigarette?

SAVING THE LANGUAGE FROM BEGGARY.

JACK.—Oh, her eyes seem to me like the Mediterranean, and her cheeks—well, I don't know what to compare them to!

GILL.—How would artificial roses do?

JOURNALISM.

MABEL.—Poor fellow! I have seen him for the last time. He acknowledges that he has lost his reputation. But he is awfully anxious to recover it.

MAUD (*sarcastically*).—He ought to put a "personal" in the daily papers.

MABEL.—That would n't do. That's the way he lost it.

A PROVERB DISPROVED.

"They say that time is money; but I don't believe it."

"Why not?"

"Because rich men never seem to have a moment to spare."

DISINTERESTED ADVICE.

WYLEY.—My wife insisted to-day that I needed a new hat; but I did n't get it.

WHYLEY.—Why not?

WYLEY.—That's a game two can play at.

KEEP YOUR EYE on the kind friend who gives you suggestions that reflect on others. He will put his words into your own mouth to your discredit.

NO, BERTIE, you can't very well say that the clock's face is a head of time. It ought to be right.

THE OFFICE may seek the man; but the boy looking for a job comes down on it like a mob.

PESSIMISM is a sort of intellectual indigestion; at least it comes from things that don't agree with us.

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"The Liebig Company's Extract was of the choicest."
Page 39, Vol. I.

"Liebig and meat soups had to be prepared in sufficient quantities to serve out cups to each weakened man as he staggered in."—Page 39, Vol. I.

"One Madi managed to crawl near my tent. * * He was at once borne to a fire and laid within a few inches of it, and with the addition of a pint of hot broth made from the Liebig Company's Extract of Beef we restored him to his senses."—Page 58, Vol. II.

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simile of J. von Liebig's
signature in blue ink across
label, thus:

J. von Liebig

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fort in duced
which nearly
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toilet a they can-
not get astonish-
to which and all
while ad-
taining increas-
surely purchas-
hold it n-
cesses str-
that such may
far exceed t
in the world
sold everywhere,
be obtained at your
stores send 25 cents
in stamps to the manufacturers Jas. S. Kirk & Co.
Chicago, Ill., and a cake will be sent by return mail.
They manufacture Shandon Bells, the only perfume



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EQUIPMENTS, Etc.

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or crack off, smut or crock by handling, does
not lose its lustre by age; dust will not stick
to work finished with it. Is NOT A VARNISH.
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Alcohol or other injurious articles.

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material money can buy. Finished in
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GUNS, RIFLES, REVOLVERS, SPORTING GOODS of all Kinds, etc.

A THOUGHTFUL SPOUSE.

MR. SUBURB (after a long, weary tramp to his nearest neighbor).—Good evening, Mrs. Lawnmower, I find my wife has not returned from her shopping trip to the city, and the house is locked up. She left the key here, I presume?

MRS. LAWNMOWER.—No-o. She said it was a pity you should have to take such a long walk for the key every time she was out, so she put it under the front door mat.—New York Weekly.

THE PROPER REPLY.

"Good morning!" said the keeper to the elephant.

"Howdah!" replied the intelligent animal.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Two lawyers indulged in a quiet pull at a bottle in a court-room at Alpena, Mich., and the judge promptly fined them five dollars each. They did not do it in proper legal form. They should have said: "May it please the court"—and then passed the bottle up for judicial approval.—Minneapolis Tribune.

CHECKING babies and leaving them in the care of nurses provided by the shopkeepers, is the latest wrinkle connected with the retail dry goods stores in New York.—Boston Traveler.

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By Mail, 90 Cents.

BEFORE long we may see something like this: "Wanted—A man who can invent excuses for the defeat of a base-ball club will find steady employment by applying at Exposition Park, Allegheny."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



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button,
we do the rest."

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ALL LOADED WITH Transparent Films.

For sale by all Photo. Stock Dealers.

THE EASTMAN COMPANY,

Send for Catalogue.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE pinched surplus had better hurry up and join a mutual benefit association.—Des Moines Leader.

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save money,
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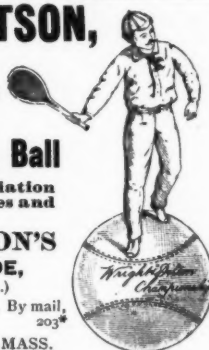
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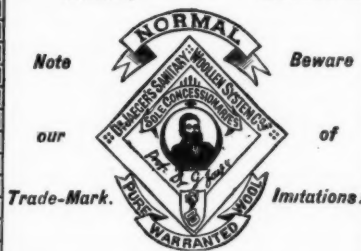
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and **SEATTLE**. Send stamp to
WASHINGTON Eselman, Llewellyn & Co., Seattle, Wash.

STRUCK A PUZZLER.

After a stranger had been hanging around the
first-floor corridor of the City Hall for an hour
or two, the policeman on duty there approached
and asked what he wanted.

"I want to get on the jury," whispered the
man in reply.

"What for?"

"I've got a friend who has a law-suit coming
on, and I want to be on the jury so as to decide
in his favor."

He was walked to the door and told to travel,
and he went off looking much puzzled and an-
noyed.—*Detroit Free Press.*

PARNELL's bust was taken from its pedestal in Belfast
and sold for tuppence ha'penny. Lust, bust; no lust no
bust.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

SHORT SIXES

Stories to be read while the candle burns.

By H. C. BUNNER, Editor of PUCK.

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AFTER THE HONEY-MOON.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—Why, my dear, what's
the matter?

MARRIED DAUGHTER.—Boo, hoo! My hus-
band does n't love me any more!

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—Mercy on us! How do
you know?

MARRIED DAUGHTER.—He's—he's stopped
kicking my (boo, hoo!) Fi—Fi—Fido.—*N. Y.*
Weekly.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING
SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums,
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Than the East from the West, or the
Day from the Night,

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ASK FOR IT EVERYWHERE

SHE CHOSE SLAVERY.

ETHEL.—I have the choice of being an old man's darling or a young man's slave, and I've decided to be a young man's slave.

CLARA.—My dear, I think you are foolish; but I wish you happiness.

CLARA (a few years after).—What became of that meerschaum pipe brother John gave your husband Christmas?

ETHEL.—I burned it up.—*New York Weekly.*

"WE MEET but to part," as the comb said to the brush.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

ED. L. HUNTLEY'S \$10 READY-MADE SUITS FOR MEN

Give universal satisfaction. Why should you pay middlemen's profits when you can buy direct from us, the manufacturers? Send us \$10 and the following measures, and we will guarantee to fit and please you or refund your money. Rules for measurement: breast measure over vest, close up under arms, waist measure over pants at waist, and inside leg measure from crotch to heel. Send six cents for 15 samples of our \$10 Men's Suits, fashion plate and tape measure. Boys' Suits, \$5.00; Children's Suits, \$3.00.

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SCOTCH CHEVIOTS AND TWEEDS,

In large variety, neatly gotten up.

SPRING SACK Suit to Order,
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A FULL LINE OF SAMPLES WITH EASY SELF-MEASUREMENT GUIDE SENT ON APPLICATION FREE OF CHARGE. OUR GOODS WILL STAND EXPERT INSPECTION.

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FOR
CONSTIPATION
AND
SICK HEADACHE

Sir Henry Thompson, the most noted physician of England, says that more than half of all diseases come from errors in diet. Garfield Tea overcomes results of bad eating; cures Sick Headache; restores the complexion; cures Constipation. Get a free sample from any druggist, or send to 319 W. 45th St. NEW YORK.

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TIGER CUBANA
The Best Cigar. 50c. each.
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A Sure Relief for **ASTHMA.**
Price, 35 cents by mail. STOWELL & CO., CHARLESTOWN, MASS. 15

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ROBERT HORNBY, Electrotyper of Puck.
PUCK BUILDING, NEW YORK. Estab. 1880. Send for Estimates.

FORCE BEARD OR HAIR. Prof. Dyke's Hair has restored the hair on my head, when I was perfectly bald, J. F. Hays, Bryan, Tex., Oct. 1. John Willard, says Prof. Dyke's Hair has produced a heavy growth on my upper lip in 4 weeks. My face was entirely smooth. Thousands more.

DON'T LOSE YOUR HAIR. WRITE
For Premature Grayness and Loss of Hair, use **Rancour's Quinine Tonic, price \$1.**
For Dandruff, Itching, or mild Eczema, use **Rancour's Dandruff Specific, \$1.**
If you have any trouble of hair or scalp, send 10c. for **Valuable Book Treating on Same.**
For Skin and Scalp. For Curling Ladies' Bangs, use **Rancour's Medicinal Soap.** For Rancour's Bang Curler, **Rancour's Hair Remedy Co., Albany, N. Y.**
Consultation free. Correspondence solicited. **TO-DAY!**

Will Do It. Our Beard Elixir will grow a Full Beard in 30. Sample package, postpaid, 15c.; 2 for 25c.; one dozen, 75 cents. Agents wanted. **WESSON MFG. CO., 5 E St., Providence, R. I.**

"La Grippe" and Pneumonia.

Prevention Better Than Cure.

Reports from medical sources show that "La Grippe" is again prevalent, and in connection with its return it is important to note that a decided increase of mortality from pneumonia is recorded.

This should be a warning to all classes to take precautions against exposure and whatever tends to debilitate the system.

The trying changes of the weather, at this season, and the consequent cases of colds, influenzas, inflammation of the lungs, rheumatism, pains in the back, and the many other aches and pains caused by unavoidable or careless exposure, are things that can not be neglected, except at the risk of more serious consequences.

As attested by indisputable testimony, they may be both prevented and relieved by the timely use of

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

A SUSPICIOUS SOUND.

SNAGGS.—I believe Young Larimer proposed to daughter last night.

MRS. SNAGGS.—But are you quite sure, James?

MR. SNAGGS.—Well, when I came by the parlor door I was certain I heard the diamond ring.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD."

The New York Central is the only four-track railroad in the world, and the only trunk line running its trains into the City of New York. Its through and local service is unsurpassed.



\$3 PRINTING PRESS

Prints cards, labels, &c. Circular press \$9. Small newspaper size \$14. Do your own printing and advertising. Make money printing for others. Fun for spare hours. Typesetting easy, &c., to factory. **KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.**



TEN POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS THINK OF IT!

As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures

CONSUMPTION,

SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. AS PALATABLE AS MILK. Be sure you get the genuine as there are poor imitations.

SCINTILLATIONS FROM THE TAILOR SHOP.



A quarter century of experience, the best mechanical skill that capital can secure in conjunction with the largest and most complete stock of Woollens, has in a measure brought its just renown, so that now the well-dressed men in town are outwardly the virtual products of our craft and handiwork.

Nicoll
The Tailor

145 & 147 Bowery,
771 Broadway, Cor. 9th Street, N. Y.
Samples and self-measure rules mailed on application.

Suits to Order, from \$20.

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The Oldest and Best of All STOMACH BITTERS, and as fine a cordial as ever made. To be had in Quarts and Pints.
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In all the World there is but ONE CURE. **Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.** It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea, or in articles of food, without the knowledge of the patient, if necessary. IT NEVER FAILS. 45-page book of particulars free. Address in confidence, **GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

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the paper for homeseekers, homemakers, and homelovers. Helps you exchange rented apartments for cosy homes of your own.

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never before imported, a glass transparency, in the richest colors ever designed, like the glow of life itself, framed in nickel, imported from a French government factory, and not at all on sale in America, easily worth \$1.00, as a

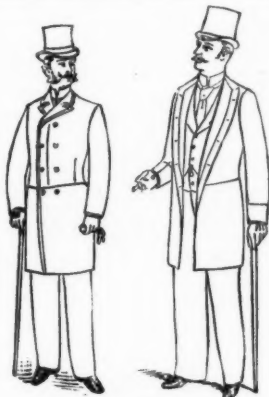
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with a year's subscription at 50 cents.

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GENUINE RENT & CO. HAND-MADE WATER CRACKERS ALWAYS BEAR THEIR STAMP.



TO ORDER FOR
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DOUBLE-BREADED FROCK, MADE FROM FINE IMPORTED CLAY DIAGONALS AND WHIPCORDS, MADE UP SOFT FRONT, TO BUTTON OR ROLL, SILK-FACED AND FLAT BRAIDED AS DESIRED; THE USUAL PRICE CHARGED FOR THIS STYLE OF GARMENTS MADE AND TRIMMED EQUAL TO OURS IS FROM 50 TO 60 DOLLARS. FOR TROUSERS WE OFFER A SPECIAL LINE RANGING AT PRICES OF 5, 6, AND 7 DOLLARS, NOT LESS THAN 1,000 DIFFERENT PATTERNS TO CHOOSE FROM; DOUBLE THE PRICE IS WHAT IS GENERALLY CHARGED FOR THE SAME MATERIAL, WITH NO BETTER STYLE, TRIMMINGS, OR WORKMANSHIP THAN OURS.

A WRITTEN GUARANTEE IS HANDED TO EVERY CUSTOMER, WARRANTING GARMENTS TO WEAR SATISFACTORILY.

SAMPLES, FASH ON REVIEW, TAPE MEASURE, AND OUR SIMPLE GUIDE FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION.

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Mammoth Tailoring Establishment,
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The largest establishment in the world for the treatment of the skin and scalp. eczema, moles, warts, superfluous hair, birthmarks, moth, freckles, pimples, wrinkles, red nose, red veins, oily skin, acne, blackheads, barbers' itch, scars, pitting, powder marks, facial development, etc. Consultation Free, at office or by letter. 128-page Book on all Skin and Scalp Affections and their Treatment sent (sealed) for 10c.

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Woodbury's Facial Soap

For the Skin and Scalp.

Prepared by a Dermatologist with 20 years' experience. Highly indorsed by the medical profession; unequalled as a remedy for eczema, scaldhead, oily skin, pimples, flesh worms, ugly complexion, etc. Indispensable as a toilet article, and a sure preventive of all diseases of the skin.

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But Arnheim's Mammoth Tailoring Establishment is still at the corner of Bowery and Spring St., and is one of the leading all-the-year-round attractions of the city. One need not look far to find a reason for this. Low Prices, Honest Workmanship, and Best Quality of Goods are Arnheim's cardinal principles, and these are what attract the multitude.

A man must be hard to please, indeed, who can not find what he wants at this establishment. All goods are marked with price in plain figures, and the variety is infinite.

A feature of Arnheim's worth noting is that all garments are warranted to wear one year without a break, a written guarantee to this effect being handed to each customer.

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In a word, Arnheim's is a model tailoring establishment, where the Best Goods are made up into the Best Fitting Garments by some of the Best Workmen in the city.

A LAST WISH.

HE (*trembling*).—I have one last wish—to ask you be—before we part in an—anger for ever!

SHE (*sobbingly*).—Wha—what is it, Geo—George?

HE.—Wi—will you me—meet me next Thursday as usual?

SHE.—I wi—will, George!—*Boston Yankee Blade.*

MUNICIPAL JEALOUSIES.

NEW YORKER.—You are a stranger here, I presume?

CHICAGO MAN (*haughtily*).—I am from the great city that New York is jealous of.

NEW YORKER.—Ah! And how are things in dear old Lunnon?—*New York Weekly.*

WAITER (*to SCIENTIFIC MAN*).—What's your order, sir?

SCIENTIFIC MAN (*abstractedly*).—Eh—ir—Mammalia, of course.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

RURAL EDITOR (*meditatively*).—How seldom we know what is best for us. Here I've been pitching into the interstate commerce law for sixteen months. Heaven forgive me!

ASSISTANT.—Eh?

RURAL EDITOR.—I should have been on that train which plunged into that open switch last night if kind Providence in his inscrutable wisdom had not saved me. I could not get a pass.—*Good News.*

NEW YORK CENTRAL DINING CARS.

Dining-cars are now attached to all principal through trains of the New York Central. The service in these cars is elegant and equal in all respects to that of a first-class restaurant.

OLD FRIENDS.



Notwithstanding the majority of riders are buying safeties, there are those who prefer high wheels, and they prefer the well-known and well-tried

COLUMBIAS.

We keep them in stock and will send you Catalogue.

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EVERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND SCALP OF INFANCY and childhood, whether torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, and every impurity of the blood, whether simple, crofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Parents, save your children years of mental and physical suffering. Begin now. Delays are dangerous. Cures made in childhood are permanent.

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Baby's skin and scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

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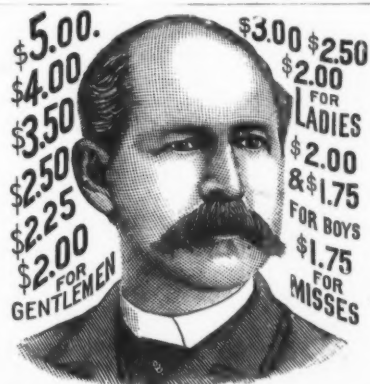
within 150 miles of New York City can compare with the mountains, forests and streams along the line of the

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- \$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, an elegant and stylish dress shoe which commands itself.
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- \$3.50 Policeman's Shoe is especially adapted for railroad men, farmers, etc. All made in Congress, Button and Lace.
- \$3.00 for Ladies, is the only hand-sewed shoe sold at this popular price.
- \$2.50 Douglas Shoe for Ladies, is a new departure and promises to become very popular.
- \$2.00 Shoe for Ladies, and \$1.75 for Misses still retain their excellence for style, etc.

All goods warranted and stamped with name on bottom. If advertised local agent cannot supply you, send direct to factory enclosing advertised price or a postal for order blanks. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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AN UNFORTUNATE MEMORY.

MR. JONES (*as the grizzly draws up on him*).—Oh! why can't I remember whether it's a grizzly or a brown bear that can't climb a tree?—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Do Your STOCK, BOND and BANKING BUSINESS with

LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY, BANKER, 50 Broadway, N. Y.



J. Opper

TWO CRYING EVILS.
UNRESTRICTED IMMIGRATION AND UNLIMITED WASTE OF THE PUBLIC MONEY—AND THE WORKINGMAN SUFFERS FROM BOTH.